

The Sun.

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THE SUN, New York City.

Who Did It?

A sudden Republican inspiration is to try to show that New York was balked of the World's Fair by the agency of Southern Democrats. It happens, for illustration, that Mr. MILLER of Tennessee voted for Chicago. Mr. McFARLAND of Tennessee also voted for Chicago, and various other Democratic Congressmen voted for Chicago. This fact is now being urged for the benefit of the New York Republican canvass with equal earnestness by some Chicago newspapers, particularly the *Inter-Ocean*, and by the local Republican press.

As to where the responsibility actually lies for locating the Fair outside of New York we will readily and justifiably take the authority of the Republican *Inter-Ocean*. That journal has already said, upon an occasion when it mentioned the other cause of a similar nature: "New York and Pennsylvania Republicans working together did a little to give us the victory."

The chief of the New York Republicans, and of the combination of New York and Pennsylvania Republicans, was THOMAS C. PLATT. Behind him stood BENJAMIN HARRISON. The Grand Old Party in New York and its elected President in Washington wronged the Empire State.

Vote against them. Vote against FASSETT.

A Free Advertisement.

A certain morning newspaper in New York resorts to this expedient in order to obtain notice:

"The Sun of Monday editorially says that Mr. BLAINE is a confirmed invalid, utterly broken down in health, without any hope of recovery. It is already aware that Mr. BLAINE is actually ever to return to his post at Washington as the old were already green, and the daisies blooming about his ultimate resting place."

"It is a savage, vulgar, and cruel onslaught upon BLAINE."

"The Sun's deliberately written with the sublimated passage from THE SUN directly under the writer's eye."

"The readers of the Evening Post know upon the personal assurance of Mr. GONZALEZ himself, printed conspicuously in that part of the Evening Post which is beyond any suspicion of 'journalism,' that Mr. BLAINE is confined invalid, utterly broken down in health, without any hope of recovery, and as unlikely ever to return to Washington as the old."

There were also directed under the eyes of the author of this astonishing piece of misrepresentation the passages from the editorial columns of the *Evening Post* which described Mr. BLAINE as a "confirmed invalid," as "utterly broken down in health," and as having "no prospect of returning to Washington at any time in the near future"—statements reprinted by THE SUN from the editorial columns of the *Evening Post* for the purpose of exhibiting them in contrast with the notorious facts of Mr. BLAINE's restoration to health and his return to duty at the State Department in Washington.

It is sometimes difficult to find the motive for misstatement that is apparently purposeless. In this case there is no mystery. The gratuitous lie is merely a bid for a gratuitous advertisement.

We give the advertisement, such as it is, without the slightest hesitation.

The Famine in Russia.

Twenty-five million people, most of them tillers of the soil, live in a part of eastern and southeastern Russia. Their farms, forests, and villages are spread over an area about equal to that of New York State. In this large region the total or partial failure of the crops is now causing the suffering of famine foretold several months ago in THE SUN. The northwestern limit of the greatest wretchedness is the province of Nijal Novgorod, whose chief town, of the same name, is famous for its annual market. Through this province flows the greatest river in Europe, the Volga, still winding its way eastward before it turns abruptly to the south to make its way to the Caspian Sea. Along both banks of the mighty river for about 800 miles, or separated from it by a narrow strip of country, lie the provinces where the severest distress prevails. Other provinces also are affected, and the entire eastern half of Russia, even to the borders of Siberia, is involved in the misery that follows upon calamitous harvests; but the part of Russia inhabited by most of the people who are actually starving lies along or near the greatest navigable highway in its middle and lower course. Drought, insect pests, and the poverty and improvidence of the peasant class have done the mischief. Several million persons must be fed by the hand of charity during the rigorous Russian winter or they will perish. It is estimated that at the very least \$100,000,000 will be required to relieve suffering and supply the farmers with seed.

Details of the famine have been so sparingly published, but enough has been made known to arouse in the more fortunate parts of Russia the deepest sympathy and the most energetic measures of relief. It is known that thousands of peasants are deserting their homes, having absolutely nothing to eat; that in some districts they are collecting scraps, oak bark, and leaves as a substitute for food; that the only food of the peasantry in the province of Simbirsk is a hard black mass called bread, made chiefly of goose foot, a plant that is classed as an emetic; that in districts where some harvest could be garnered the entire crop has already been consumed; that troops of starving beggars are wandering through the villages; that many a peasant sells his only plough horse for a few rubles to buy food for his family for a week; that mortality has increased at a rate that is frightful, and in one place, out of 150 families, forty-seven persons died of hunger in a fortnight; that the price of food has risen all over the empire, and even at Warsaw, far from the scene of acute misery, the cost of common articles of consumption has doubled.

These stories of frightful suffering have

aroused throughout the western and more populous parts of Russia the most energetic efforts to carry food to the starving. The land has hardly another thought to-day. The national coffers have been opened; the royal family has contributed a very large sum; state balls have been countermanded; meetings to raise funds are held everywhere; the Red Cross Society is making house-to-house collections; the women are raising famine funds; the rank and file of the army are contributing; students in the universities are foregoing their annual dinners; their contributions may be larger, and money is flowing in to the distributing committees from every direction.

This wide stream of charitable relief is already reaching the afflicted provinces, but not yet in such volume as to bring succor to hundreds of thousands who need it. It is not money but food that must be taken to the greater part of the famine district. This requires time and involves enormous labor; but happily there is reason to believe that the crisis has reached its climax and that next spring there will be no such story to record as that of some Indian families, in which of thousands perished because of the sheer inability of those who would have helped them to reach the starving in time to save their lives.

In all present thoughts of Russia, the first must be that of sympathy for her stricken peasantry.

A Disgraceful Spectacle.

Those who have followed the fluctuations of Mr. FASSETT's mendacity on the stump have observed that there is nothing in his misstatements concerning the cost of municipal government in New York City. When Mr. FASSETT is addressing the citizens of this town he avoids figures and definite charges, and confines his attacks on Tammany Hall to rhetorical generalizations. When he gets into the country he ventures to put forth alleged statistics, as exhibiting the extravagance and corruption in the management of this city's affairs.

In Hempstead on Monday evening, Mr. FASSETT told his audience that "all the robbery, all the jobbery, all the knavery in the government of New York City can be laid at the door of Tammany," and he went on to assert that "while in fourteen cities of the first class in the United States the cost of government is \$15.98 per capita, in New York under Tammany it is \$25."

This is as well, as conclusive, and as shameful a falsehood as Mr. FASSETT's assertion in the western counties that it cost \$54,000,000 to govern the Democratic metropolis as against \$13,000,000 for all the rest of the State.

His figures, like all the Republican statistics of this campaign of falsehood, are derived from no other source than the now notorious Bulletin No. 82 of PORTER's census. The purpose for which that monstrous compilation of falsified statistics was originally intended is now apparent. The bulletin was prepared by PORTER with a view to the present canvass. According to PORTER the average per capita of municipal expenditure in 1889 in the fourteen cities of 50,000 inhabitants or more was \$15.98, while the per capita in New York was \$25.00.

Even PORTER's lie about New York is not big enough for FASSETT's use in the rural districts; that accomplished young gentleman boldly stretches it from \$23.89 to \$25.00. As we have shown over and over again, and as Mr. FASSETT knows as well as we do, the entire tax levy in 1889 in New York for municipal and county expenses was only \$27,044.57. This included about \$6,700,000 for interest on and redemption of the city debt. The per capita in New York City that year was not \$25, but \$15.90.

The main point of interest to citizens who abhor a deliberate and systematic policy of falsification is that the Republican candidate for Governor of the Empire State is deliberately disingenuous himself personally for the sake of the few votes he hopes to obtain in this way. His method has been exposed, but he sticks to it without heeding the consequences to his own reputation. His measure has been taken, and he is now affording to honorable and truth-respecting persons of all parties a spectacle unlike anything in the recent history of political warfare.

The Green Goods Business.

The police are working effectively to break up this business, which has been carried on so long in New York. Of course it ought not to be allowed to exist, and yet it is a kind of swindling in which the victims are, if anything, more contemptible than the swindlers themselves.

The green goods business is run on a cynical theory of human nature which is equal to the theory of the swindler. It is that the inclination to rascality is much more frequent than it seems to be, and that it exists in its latent form more especially outside of the cities. The green goods swindlers, it will be observed, never undertake to work the great communities where the friction of society keeps the vice of people bright. The back country is the field of their operations. Neither do they expect to find their gaudy among those who are open to the suspicion of a tendency to criminal practices. Such men are too sharp to be caught by a trick so transparent. They hunt their prey among the hypocritical members of rural communities, whose credulity is strong, whose greed is strong, and whose folly exceeds the criminal cunning they hide.

They do not make up the lists of names to which they send their clerks by hunting out men of evil reputation or association, but take the inhabitants of remote regions almost without discrimination, relying upon catching the ostensibly good, rather than the openly bad. They are not so hopeless about getting a stray deacon and the members of country churches as they are about taking in a recognized rascal. The complaints of their swindling, as they come to us and as we see them published in other papers, are almost invariably from men who say, and undoubtedly say truly, that they had never gone into criminal practices before the "times" were so strong, and that the swindlers were only waiting for the opportunity to be presented, however, and when they thought they saw a chance of getting counterfeit money cheap they were ready enough to go into the business of using it. Hence they got their deserts only when they found that the swindlers had played a practical joke on them by sending them waste paper instead of the spurious money they paid for; or rather they got a part of their deserts.

The exposure of this phase of hypocrisy is not without its value after all. Unfortunately the deluded rascals and simpletons

are usually afraid to equal, and we cannot tell how many they are. They must be numerous or the business would not be profitable enough to offset the risk involved. It would be interesting if the practitioners of the swindle would tell us how many proportionately to the number they set their bait in a country village are ready to nibble at. The cost of conducting the business cannot be light, and the receipts must be large to justify it.

A Letter from Mr. Roosevelt.

The Hon. THEODORE ROOSEVELT has leaped into the campaign with an enthusiasm and a vigor which suggest the coolness of the Montana cow puncher rather than the coolness of the gentleman appropriate to the civil service reformer. He has written to the Hon. ANDREW DICKSON WHITE a letter expressing his "heartily good wishes for the success of Mr. FASSETT and the Republican ticket." It is not clear why Mr. WHITE should be selected as the medium of conveying to Mr. FASSETT Mr. ROOSEVELT's good wishes. Mr. ROOSEVELT might well have addressed to Mr. WHITE a letter of condolence on account of the Illinois scholar's misfortune in being chosen out of the nomination by the tortuous Tioga, but to write to him a letter of praise for Mr. FASSETT seems a strange thing to do. Perhaps Mr. ROOSEVELT thought that Mr. WHITE needed encouragement. At any rate, he has prepared a certificate of approbation of the Shirtsleeves Statesman.

"The admirable canvass Mr. FASSETT is carrying on," writes the young ACHILLES of the Brown Stone district, "shows what he is made of." Democrats agree with this assertion. Mr. FASSETT's speeches have shown that he is made of pretty cheap stuff.

And, speaking of stuff, what is the stuff of Mr. ROOSEVELT's remark that the anti-New York candidate is "pledged to every one of the measures in which all right-thinking New Yorkers are most deeply interested"? Has Mr. ROOSEVELT forgotten during his residence at Washington or his itinerancy as a missionary of Mongolian reform what New Yorkers are most deeply interested in? Has he heard Mr. FASSETT pledge himself to do all in his power to give the cities of the State their just proportion of representation in the Legislature? Isn't Mr. ROOSEVELT aware that Mr. FASSETT is pledged to Mr. PLATT, the known enemy of all the measures in which New York is most deeply interested?

"What he has promised he will perform," What he has promised to Mr. PLATT. His election would be a triumph of honest government. Will it, Mr. ROOSEVELT? How long is it since THOMAS C. PLATT has been a synonyme of honest government? Mr. ROOSEVELT is not helping desirable government in trying to help Mr. PLATT to become dictator of New York.

Three or four Republican real estate agents have issued a circular inviting the taxpayers of this city to vote for FASSETT and VROOMAN. We find in the circular the following assertions:

"It is a noticeable fact that in all sections of the city there are more vacant buildings than formerly, notwithstanding the fact that the putting up of new structures has been considerably diminished. Merchants and business men generally are complaining of dull business and loss of trade."

If business is dull, if real estate is not in active demand in this city, the FASSETT gang are responsible. They gave the World's Fair to Chicago. In Chicago to-day real estate is booming, trade is booming, labor is booming. Chicago is sure of activity and prosperity in all branches of business for the next two years. She is beginning already to earn and enjoy the five hundred millions that should have been New York's, and that would have been New York's if Mr. PLATT had been a patriotic citizen.

This Republican circular furnishes invincible reasons for voting for FLOWER and SHEEHAN. Of the few women who have made their voices heard in this city's politics, none, we believe, could call more votes after them than the expressive singer under Tammany Hall—MAGGIE O'LEIN. She votes for FLOWER and SHEEHAN.

Col. ABE STURGEON may occasionally stick out his head above the crowd, but he is nevertheless a statesman of the first class, and he is not a statesman of the first class who is not a statesman of the first class.

The habit of sticking out the tongue is not peculiar to Col. ABE. Other statesmen of forty, five, and even of eighty years have been known to resort to this time-honored practice. The more ponderous the literary style, the more energetic are the auxiliary linguistic contortions, as a rule. In the *Republic's* interesting disclosure we find nothing discreditable to the name or fame of STURGEON.

The meeting at the Madison Square Garden last night was great, not so much in the speaking as in its powerful expression of Democratic sentiment.

Mr. RUDYARD KIPPLING arrived in New York on Monday last, a few weeks after the publication of his latest tale of Indian army life. It is called "His Private Honor," and it appears in the October number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. We copy from the story of Mr. Kipling's description of the interior of the Indian's hut, which does not depend upon the context:

"What a lot of you, I interrupted, Ourselves being better than a medal or an American, but a free man, had no excuse for sleeping."

Perhaps Mr. RUDYARD KIPPLING has crossed the Atlantic at this tempestuous season to tell the American public exactly what he means.

We note with unreserved satisfaction that our extreme tariff-smashing friend, the *St. Louis Republic*, hopes to see in the coming Democratic victories of this fall "a reaffirmation of the verdict already given against McKinley bills, forces, and billion dollar raids on the Treasury." It is rather late in the day for our contemporary to add the outrages of the Force bill and billion dollar Treasury raids to its former solitary Democratic campaign explanation and argument, the tariff. Yet it may help even now.

Sir JOHN GOSSET, the Political Secretary for the India Office, has recently been making an investigation, apparently on his own responsibility, into the condition of the rural laborers in England and Ireland. His conclusions, so far as they have been reported, seem likely to prove acceptable to the still more substantial but not more prosperous class of English country landlords. The laborers, he thinks, should be dissuaded from migrating to the overstocked labor markets of the towns and cities by gifts of land not exceeding half an acre apiece to begin with, and by the establishment of village councils for purposes of discussion and entertainment.

The suggestion is not novel. It recalls the famous cry of three acres and a cow with which Mr. JESSE COLLINS some years ago allured to the Conservative banner the heavy-witted farm laborers of Norfolk. That was a demagogic cry in the days before the little band of Tory demagogues, BATHURST, CHAMBERLAIN, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and Sir JOHN GOSSET had finally disintegrated into its individual elements. Such a plan of laborers' allotments has already been tried to some measure

in Ireland, but without much practical benefit, and on general principles it can hardly be expected to be a permanent check to the migration of laborers from country to town, a migration that is as noticeable in New England as in England. Such a movement is due to other causes than the apathy of necessity. The city ever has the charm to the countryman of indefinite, romantic possibility. Nor is half an acre even to the most land-hungry man a veritable panna. It is not enough to sustain life decently in the calamitous crisis of English agriculture. It can then, only make possible further reduction of the laborers' wages and leave him less free to follow the shifting place of highest demand for his labor.

The SLOMON-SCHAEFER billiard match night before last was like a new pier of the endless bridge traveled over by the world of players. It was a game in which the players, at its desired object, were without an occasional contest between its greatest artists, to show its beauties in their highest and most stimulating form. The champions are among the sustaining forces of the game. In the character of what might be called the "sublimated champion," SLOMON and SCHAEFER are the hands of the clock in the game.

What seems surprising in connection with this contest is that the odds at one time should have reached two to one on SCHAEFER. For a public contest SCHAEFER'S game never represented that superiority over SLOMON'S. When the latter first began to play, his game was like a well-oiled machine, and he was in the habit of playing an almost tender delicacy such as few old critics would have supposed destined to develop into extraordinary strength. Yet since SLOMON reached his full maturity in his profession, in contrast with his rivals his play has been more marked by a steady and not to be surpassed power, applied with never-failing deliberation to its full limit under all circumstances, than by the skill and delicacy apparent in the beginning.

To the greatest player of billiards is SCHAEFER. With the single exception of steadiness there is no single quality in which he is not superior to all other players. The most important point in his play is his ability to make points, he stands without a peer, but he has also a tremendous reserve power in the opposite direction—that of not making points—and there is where SLOMON beats him.

It is evident, however, that an 800-point game cannot prove which is the better of two great players. The game is not a game of required for one to touch the end, the other may fall into a vein of accident or nervousness or inferior skill from which he has not time to struggle before the game is over. In saying this we are not advancing contests extending over five or six nights. Yet the fact mentioned should be appreciated in justifying the play of SLOMON. He is a player who, in an evening, can win a game of 800 points, or, in a week, can win a game of 800 points, or, in a month, can win a game of 800 points, or, in a year, can win a game of 800 points.

High westerly gales followed the peerless ship all the way to Queens-town. She made her record in 22 minutes, thus lowering the twin eastward records of the City of Paris and the City of London. The Teutonic holds the westward record of 5 days, 10 hours, and 31 minutes, made last August.

A NEW SITE FOR THE UNION CLUB.

George Macculloch Miller, President of the St. Luke's Hospital, and the committee of the Union Club, have decided to build the new site of the hospital at Fifty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, said yesterday that no offer of less than \$100,000 for the eight lots and the Union Club for the entire site would be entertained.

The Union Club had made an offer to purchase the lot on Fifty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, and the committee of the Union Club was authorized to sell them for \$100,000. The lot was owned by the late Mr. Clarence A. Seward, Chairman of the committee appointed on April 27 to represent the Union Club. He refused to sell whether the lot was sold to the Union Club or not, and he refused to sell the lot at the price put on it.

The grounds of St. Luke's Hospital cover the lot on Fifty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, and the Union Club was authorized to sell them for \$100,000. The lot was owned by the late Mr. Clarence A. Seward, Chairman of the committee appointed on April 27 to represent the Union Club. He refused to sell whether the lot was sold to the Union Club or not, and he refused to sell the lot at the price put on it.

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TORNADO IN OHIO.

Many Buildings Wrecked at Cincinnati—The Loss of Life and Property Very Heavy.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 27.—A tornado swept over this town at 6 o'clock last evening, doing damage to thirty houses. Streets are blocked by trees and wreckage from the demolished buildings. The butter-tub factory owned by G. J. Record is badly wrecked, thousands of dollars' worth of stock being completely destroyed. Record's loss is about \$50,000. The adjacent mill of H. E. Pond, adjoining Record's factory, is badly damaged. His lumber is strewn all over the town.

Smokestacks are blown down. Many fine residences suffered heavily, roofs being torn off and windows broken. The telephone lines are down. Two telephone poles were blown through the roof of the Lake Shore Railroad station, and the baggage room was demolished. Fragments of buildings are strewn along the tracks, rendering it impassable to trains. The tornado came off the lake from the northwest, sweeping all before it, many narrowly escaping with their lives.

The residence of James Ferguson was totally destroyed, and his wife and 10-year-old daughter were injured. The farm of Silas Hiller was torn to pieces, and a large number of hogs were killed. Record's establishment was wrecked and the other buildings were damaged. The pond was partly torn down and the lumber yard was spread over a mile. In fact Cincinnati about fifteen hundred acres of land were destroyed. The Lake Shore Railroad buildings were wrecked, wires torn down, and all communication on the west end of the line was cut off. The wreckage was carried away by the demolished buildings and debris.

NEW LAURELS FOR THE TEUTONIC.

She Beats the Record Eastward by Nineteen Minutes.

LONDON, Oct. 27.—The White Star line steamer Teutonic, Capt. Irving, which sailed from New York on Oct. 21 for Liverpool, was signalled off the coast of Ireland at 10 o'clock this morning. The Teutonic reports that she experienced stormy weather during the passage. This is not a propitious season for steamship records, and when it was announced down town yesterday that the White Star flyer, the Teutonic, had won new laurels on the trip she completed, the cheering and the cheering of the body was surprised.

The White Star officials thought at first that the news was too good to be true. Despatches from their agent at Queens-town confirmed the report that the Teutonic had exceeded her own best previous performance, going from New York to Liverpool in 10 days, 10 hours, and 31 minutes. Her time for the trip was five days, twenty-one hours, and three minutes. She covered 2,780 longer miles than the fastest steamer in the world, the City of London, in the same time. The Teutonic holds the westward record of 5 days, 10 hours, and 31 minutes, made last August.

A NEW SITE FOR THE UNION CLUB. Negotiations between the Club and Officers of St. Luke's Hospital.

George Macculloch Miller, President of the St. Luke's Hospital, and the committee of the Union Club, have decided to build the new site of the hospital at Fifty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, said yesterday that no offer of less than \$100,000 for the eight lots and the Union Club for the entire site would be entertained.

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WANTED—A NEW MEAT.

Swans and Peacocks Are Worth Raising. Many Have Been Killed by the Tornado.

The lack of variety in those meats which, whether flesh or fowl, must always form the groundwork and basis of an English dinner, is a